Syn. 8. 54. 113 Wi. Charke

¶ Pathose, or an inward passion of the pope for the losse of hys daughter the Masse.

Hum: (·.·) Dyson

E-13-22-2

What hatefull hap
What careful clap
What rattellyng rap
Is light in my lap
Whiche weareth the cap
Of myght maynteynaunce
And greatest gouernaunce
Whose only ordinaunce
And prudent puysance
Brought to obeysaunce
All princely power
me to adoure
With high honoure
And towne and towre
To lowt and lowe
At my comaundement
Yelding to myne intent
And were benyuolent
To such as I haue sent
To passe in perliament
Or councells generall
Or matters speciall
I was the capitall
And ruled ouer all
But yet nowe heare ye shal
Of maruailles late befall

And

And of the greate displeasure
And myscheffe out of measure
Betid my greatist treasure
In whome I had moste pleasure
As ye may here at leasure
¶ My daughter and myne heire
Moste beautifull and fayre
That sat moste cheiffe in chaire
And on the supreme stayre
Alasse doth sore appayre
My glory and my goste
My braggyng and my boste
Whome I haue loued moste
And ruled all the roste
In country and in cooste
And now, alasse, is tost
From pillar vnto post
I feare me she be lost
¶ Ah that my daughter meeke
Shuld be in suche a sickenes
And brought in such weakenes
That by all maner of lykenes
She loseth life and quiknes
And therfore wo is me
This doleful day to se
That my darling shulde be

In this infirmytye
And great calamytye
For poysoned is she
☞ A lasse sum Edomite
Some Jewe or Jacobite
Some turke or thraconite
Hath gyuen hir aconite
In steade of arthanite
Wherfore I must of right
With thall my mayne and might
A messenger forth dight
That is both quike and light
To labor day and night
And seke that cursed wight
That did me this dispyte
And well he muste hym quite
Till he cum in the sight
Of mighty mahompyte
And tell hym that his nese
The messe that prope piece
In deadly danger is
And that he may not mysse
But send some arabies
That worthie be and wise
In physike and in physnomyes
☞ But O most Jentill Jupiter

That

My daughter hole to make
But harke gentill Dromo
Remembre that ye go
To the learned woman Areta
And to Paulus aginita
To doctores of vienna
And also to rauenna
And then to auicenna
To Rasis and to Mesue
The learned men of Arabie
And like wise to all other
That worshippeth my brother
Machomet the stronge
Declare them amonge
All the whole matter
And let them se hir water
And tidinges loke thou bring
How they do like the thing
And whether by their conning
They hope of hir amending
☞ For vntill thou returne
I shall but mone and morne
And inwardly shall burne
With the most feruent fyre
And depnes of desyre
Wherfore I the require
Right quickly to retyre

Oh what inwarde passion
Doth torment on this fassion
Who wold not take compassion
To heare my Lamentacion
For who can me blame
Synce I take such shame
That bare the great name
They count but a game
My messe to defame
Oh so I inflame
My hart with heate
Doth bolke and beate
I swell and sweate
I can not eate
My sorowes greate
Do me replete
My papall seate
They will defeate
And put me by
My papasye
If my glorye
My daughter dye
For if she faile
It will not auaile
To wepe or to waile
To rage or to Rayle

I shal not preuaile
In coottis of maile
To make battaile
Or them to assayll
If she be once gone
Comfort get I none
But lefte post alone
To mourne and make mone
With hert as colde as stone
Yet may I haue some hope
Though she be slyd a slope
Some frendes to fele and grope
In Affrike and Europe
How they will with me cope
Bicause I am the pope
They will my parttake
Euen for my daughters sake
I trowe they will awake
Thes bigots to aslake
And cause them all to quake
That did this mischefe make
And thos that poyson gaue hir
Alasse I quake and quauer
And also swarue and swauer
I quiuer and I wauer
I stacker and I stauer

For

For feare I shall not haue hir
To lyue here wyth me styll
Accoꝛding to my will
Hir sicknes doth me spill
But hir death should me kyll
My soꝛows do me tyll
And will encreace vntill
Some tidinges I may gete
What Dꝛomo fare hath fete
Alacke I feare me yet
The man hath had some let
Oꝛ with our enimyes met
The which hath him beset
Beholde he cometh I trowe
Some news now shall I knowe
Which way the wynde wil blow
Me thinke he is not slowe
As by his pace doth showe
Dꝛomo, welcum thou art
For synce thou did depart
Full heauy was my hert
And still in payne and smart
But now thou art retoꝛned
My care shalbe adiourned
For mycle haue I mourned
And in desire bourned

But

But nowe I thinke it best
That thou go take thi rest
For I haue made behest
No meate within my breste
Nor body to be drest
Tyl I haue sene and sought
The writinge that thou brought
Full longe therfore I thought
I gyue the thankes in dede
For thy greate hast and spede
Haue golde here for thy meede
And I wyl go to reede
These letters missiue,
No longer wil I driue
The tyme labefactiue
While messe is yet a lyue
And lyeth in payne passiue
I truste she shal reuiue
Though some against hir striue
And woulde hir life depriue
Halasse what find I here:
Nowe doth it playne apere
That sure my daughter dere
Which dwelt in churche & quere
And euery mans chapel
With candell boke and bel

No longer here maye dwel
As these phisicions tel
For they gyue their iudgemente
That hir nature is spent
Hir reynes be al to Rente
This answere haue they sent
To me wyth one consent
Affirminge that by nature
She shoulde be grosse of stature
Wherfore she must corrupt
Since she was interrupt
From hir pristine volupt
And since she brake hir diete
She coulde neuer be quiete
Nor like to be none other
But grosse by father and mother
So shewe they plaine to vs
To be morbus hereditarius
But this venum pestiferus
Doeth make it mortiferus
And thus they sey that sure
She is without recure
O worlde vnstable
And most variable
O man miserable
And infortunable

Which

Which was honorable
Nowe I am not abel
Longe to perseuer
Wyth al mine endeuer
I am loste for euer
My daughter decayed
That was my chiefest aide
My pompe is allayed
Wherein I most stayed
I am a frayede
And so sore dismayde
I knowe not which way
Nowe turne me I may
Nor what I shal say
I may not delay
Nor tyme protraye
But applie me lygtly
And gyue hir aquauite
Or sum thynge that is mighty
As vinum absinthite
Or vinum apitie
Or eles aborotonite
Vinum chamedryte
Or eles amorite
To comfort with hir herte
That she myght reuert

And turne agayne to sanitye
I swere by myne humanitye
I speake it not in vanitie
They that hir death conspired
And hath it must desired
As fast as time required
With faggottes shalbe fired
O wher is my Gardnerus
that his good hert doth beate vs,
And more did and fisherus:
I feare he do not wel
Because we heare not tel
How he hath done his parte
I know I haue his herte
And also of many more
There is no smal store
That yet wyll sing and rore
Hayely my messe before
Though she be sicke and sore
But sore I am adred
Sum hath not wel sped
Or lume of them be dead
Or eles to prison led
For were they in prosperitie
I knowe it for a veritie (prouid
Sum what they woulde haue

Thes

These thinges to haue removed
The whiche they neuer loued
That wrought were by lutherus
With helping of Bucerus
zuingle and Bullingerus
Melancthon and Althamerus
Vitus, Theodor and musculus
And subtile Spaugelbergius
And by Urbanus regius
Alesius and Bzentius
And by Otho Bzumfelsius
By fagius and Pistorius
Petrus martir and sarcerius
And by Decolampadius
And also Carolstadius
By cursed Vadianus
And also Pomeranus
And pestilous Pellicanus
Lykewyse by John cauinus
And spitfull Spalatinus
Cozuinus and Epinus
And barkinge Bernardinus
Also by Osiander
Crucinger and Megander
And bablinge Bibliander
By Jonas and Capito

And

And by that heritike Hedio
And then by laytymers
By bilnie and Turners
By bayle and by Tailers
And other of their faction
Beyond dinumeracion
That sprange in euery nacion
To put mo to thys passion
But where is my cochleus
John Faber and Euserus
My champion Hofmisterus
Wher is my seruant Ecchius
And welbeloued Bilicius?
Where is my maluelda
With my most trusty Naufea
My Catharinus fyne
And Alfonsus my diuine
Al you wyth Sandoletus
Beholde how they entrate vs
To helpe vs interim
Ech of you is a lim
Ech of you is by right
My champion and my knight
For me and myn to fyght
As fast as ye may wright
For my knightes of England

As

As I may vnderstand
Ar far behinde the hande
And like to byde in bande
Ye knowe that for certaine
My daughter messe in peyne
And weaknes doeth remayne
Alasse she is but slayne
No medicine can I get
That wil amend hir yet
Wherfore ye may not let
Some cõforting to fet
In England them amonge
That hath me serued long
Phisicians that ther be
I haue a skore and thre
That still doth worship me
And also my daughter
For stil haue they soughter
And glad when they coughter
As for communion
They set not an onion
But holde theyr opinion
My messe to be better
Eche one is hir detter
Agayne vp to setter
I neade not them name

For

For men can wel ame
That thei be the same
The which I do meane
Though I make no deane
For they wil not leane
But al one my syde
And so to a bide
What so euer betide
Mythin the woylde wide
Ye thes be they that are
For messe so full of care
That nothynge wyll they spare
To make their purses bare
So they myght her repare
Wherefore it is lyke
That they wil not stike
To minister phisicke.
As muche as may be founde
Or sought aboue the grounde
To make hir hole and sounde
Nowe hie ye fast thy ther
That you and they together
May bring some thinge hither
Hir life for to length
And qniken hir strenght
Yet am I in feare

No=

Nothinge to be there
That hir ſtomach wil beare
I thinke that ſhe wil weare
I waye for al this geare
Beholde ſhe doeth teare
And rende her golden heare
Oh ſo my herte doeth pricke
To ſe my chide ſo ſycke
For ſhe is frenticke
Diſtraught and lunaticke
Wo worth that heretyke
That firſte beganne
To ſhewe any man
Hir nature to ſcan
For before than
No creature knewe
But that ſhe was true
For whan ſhe was newe
I did her endue
Wyth clothynge of Goſpel
And of the Epiſtel
And nowe they be gon
She ſemeth as one
That is but ſkin and bon
As leane as a rake
As flat as a cake

As stife as a stake
Hir lippes be pale
Hir eyes were smale
Hir checkes thyne
With a yealowe skine
And nought wythin
Hir nose is sharpe
And a wrye doeth warpe
As heauy as leade
She is neare deade
Or eles in swonne
I am but vndone
✣ Thou son and thou mone
And the plannetes seuē
That ruleth in heauen
And also beneth
My daughter I bequeth
In to your holy handes
To louse hir from these bandes
And from the cruel death
That sone wyll stoppe hir breth
And shortly deuoure
Thys beautiful flowre
Except by your powre
Ye send hir succoure
And that spedily.

Or cles she must dye
☞ Jupiter ceranus
Send doune vulcanus
And fire doune cast
Al suche to deuast
As causeth this carke
By theyr woful warcke
O Mars Mauors
With strength and force
Reuenge wyth war
Both nere and far
Thys tresspasse cruell
Done to my Juell
For well I espye
They set not a flye
By my greate curse
They be not the wors
For mine interdiction
It is none affection
My strenght doth decrease
My doctrine doth cease
My daughter doth perishe
Nothinge wyll cherishe
Yet hath she good keping
Boeth waking and slepinge
But I wyth much wepinge

Wyth

With crouchinge and creping
With bassing and kissing
Will gyue hir my blessing
O pulchra prole
Mirãda mole
Infandum dole
Hactenus que sole
Quidquid ad nutum
Habere tutum
Corpus imbutum
Mollibus indutum
Heu stat erutum
Desciscunt gentes
To deridentes
Neque abnuentes
Minime credentes
Te fore veracem
Asserunt mendacem
Garrulam loquacem
Esse et Rapacem
Te dicunt vagam
Venificam sagam
Heu michi quid agam
Nunc peribis filia
Olim dans vtilia
Supra mille millia

En sequar et ego
Quique reges rego
Uiuere sed nego
Tu quum defungeris
Sacro que vngeris
Oleo papali
Hoc genus sed mali
Ingruit infestans
Nostraque detestans
Ecce scripture
Predicantur pure
Quo perit(audito)
Lex mea quam cito,
O darlynge dere
I leaue the heare
With hea uy chere
Holde here take this
A careful kysse
I wil the blisse
That thou maist the rather
Cum to thy grandfather
Pluto the king
Of whose offspring
You cum by dissent
Wyth you shalbe sent
A godly conuent

To wayte on ye then
Lyke a noble woman
Lent and gange dayes
Shal shewe ye the wayes
Wyth the dayes embzinge
To kepe ye remembzinge
Of your Journay
Foz going astraye
And pilgrimage
In your voiage
Shalbe your page
Auricular confession
And popishe pzocession
Aboute ye tide
On euery syde
The colettes by kynde
Before and behinde
Your fote men shalbe
Ful comly to se
The cannone playne
Your chamberlayne
Shalbe at your hande
When ye do commaund
The post communion

Shal-

Shalbe your minion
To shewe you sporte
For your comforte
Thus shall ye not trauile
Lyke beggar nor Jauel
But passe like a quene
Right comly besene
To Stix and Acheron
Ye shall cume a none
And when they be past
Ye shal cum at the last
To the potter Cerbrus
Whiche though he be barbarus
Ye shal hym intreate
Quickly in to get
Then shall ye se the Emperoure
Sitting stout and stoure
Hym shall ye honoure
Then open your cofer
And vnto hi offer
Holy breade and water
And then strewe and scatter
About hys vgly fete
Some of your palmes swete

Then

Then shal ye lowly
Offer ashes holy
Beades and sacring belles
And al other Iuelles
Then shal he take you
And his heire make you
Nowe wyl I forsake you
And gyue you my blessing
I wyl not be missing
But wyth expedience
Shewe myne obedience
To the prince infernal
In derknes eternal
Who gaue to me my name
And did to you the same
For both did come him fro
In to hym must they go
And there wyth fende
To make ther endes
As felowes and frēdes
Thus Pope and messe
I must confesse
To be no lesse
Then deuelishnes

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